3 1761 04274016 2

M
2104
B56P83
1919
c.1

MUSI

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/psaume22pourbary00bloc

PSAUME 22

Pour

Baryton et Grand Orchestre
Réduction pour Chant et Piano
Par l'Auteur

MUSIQUE
de

ERNEST BLOCH

Transcription française
d'EDMOND FLEG

Traduction anglaise de
WALDO FRANK

Price $7.50

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

M
2104
.B56P83
1919
c.1
MUSI

LIBRARY
JUN 1 4 1996
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PSAUME 22

Elohim, Elohim!
Pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné?
Je crie le jour, tu n'entends pas;
Je crie la nuit, tu restes sourd.
Elohim, Elohim!
Pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné?

Pourtant tu es Dieu,
Tu trônes parmi les prières d'Israël!
Quand nos pères gémissaient
Tu les écoutais;—
Quand nos pères suppliaient
Tu les délivrais!
Moi, je crie le jour,
Tu n'entends pas;—
Je crie la nuit,
Tu restes sourd!
Elohim, Elohim,
Pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné?

Les maudits m'environnent.
Ils enchaînent mes poings,
Ils enchaînent mes pieds.
Ils crient, hochant la tête:—
« Qu'il paraisse, ton Dieu!
Qu'il te sauve,—puisqu'il t'aime! »
Et comme une cire,
Mon cœur fond dans mes entrailles
Et ma force descend
Aux poussières de la mort.
Elohim, Elohim,
Pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné?

Sauve-moi! Sauve-moi!
Montre-toi!—
Arrache mon âme au glaive!
Et ma force à la mort!

Louez Dieu,
Descendants d'Jacob!
Glorifiez Iahvé,
Postérité d'Israël!
Il n a point de mépris
Pour qui pleure et l'implore:
Quand j'ai crié vers lui,
Il a montré sa face!

Vous boirez dans la joie,
Vous qui souffrez la soif!
Vous mangerez son pain
Affamés de justice!

Louez Iahvé
Sur le nébel!
Louez Iahvé
Sur le kinnor!
Chantez sa gloire
Dans la lumière,
Et dans la poussière
De la mort!

—Transcription française par EDMOND FLEG

PSALM XXII

Elohim, Elohim,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me?
I cry at day,
Thou hearest not.
I cry at night,
And thou art dumb.
Elohim, Elohim,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me?

And still art thou God.
Thy throne is upon the prayers of Israel.
When our fathers were aggrieved, thou didst hear their grief;
When our fathers sought thy grace, thou madest them free.
All the day I cry,
Thou hearest not.
All night do I cry
And thou art dumb
Elohim, Elohim,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me?

The accurséd surround me.
Shackles upon my wrists,
Shackles upon my feet.
They cry, glowering o'er me:
"Let him come, thy God,
"Let him save thee, since he loves thee."
And like unto wax
My heart melts within my bosom,
And my strength doth sink into dust and into Death
Elohim, Elohim,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me?

Rescue me! Rescue me!
Show thy face!
Preserve my soul from the sword,
And my strength from destruction

Praise ye God,
Ye, the Seed of Jacob.
O glorify Jahveh,
Ye children of Israel.
He holds not in disdain them who weep and implore.
When I cried unto him
He revealéd his face.

Ye shall be filled with joy
Who now languish with drouth;
And ye shall eat his bread
Who have hungered for Right.
Ye shall drink in joy
And ye shall eat his bread.

Praise ye Jahveh
With the nebel.
Praise ye Jahveh
With the kinnor.
Sing ye his glory
In the Day's light
And in the dust of Death.

—Translation by WALDO FRANK

a Romain Rolland

Psaume 22

Transcription française d'Edmond Fleg
English version by Waldo Frank

Ernest Bloch

Moderato (♩ = circa 92)

Piano

f

f

animando

f

f

1

a tempo

animando

a tempo

animando

ff

sf

Copyright, 1919, by G. Schirmer, Inc.
Copyright renewed, 1947
Renewal copyright assigned to G. Schirmer, Inc.

28992 C
Printed in the U. S. A.

② Più lento (♩ = 69-72)

E - lo -
E - lo -

pesante

rit.

ff

pp

molto doloroso

animato

him! E - lo - him! Pour-quoi m'as - tu a - ban - don - né?
him! E - lo - him! Why hast thou thus for - sa - ken me?

f > *mp*

f

Molto moderato (♩ = 66)

③

Je cri - e le jour, tu n'en - tends pas; Je cri - e la nuit, tu
I cry at day, thou hear - est not; I cry at night, and

f

mp

mf espress.

res-tes sourd. E-lo - him! E-lo-him! Pour-
thou art dumb. E-lo - him! E-lo-him! Why

mf *mp* *poco cresc.*

quoi m'as-tu a-ban-don - né?
hast thou thus for-sa - ken me?

4 Meno lento

p *m.s.*

8va bassa

mf

⑤ Tempo I° (♩ = 72)

più deciso

Pour-tant tu es Dieu, tu trô - nes par-mi les pri-
And still art thou God, Thy throne is up-on the

marcato

mp

è - res d'Is - ra - ël! Quand nos pè - res gé - mis-saient, tu les é - cou -
prayers of Is - ra - el! When our fa-thers were ag-grieved, thou didst hear their

animando

mf espress.

tais; Quand nos pè - res sup - pli-aient, tu les dé - li - vrais! Moi, je
grief; When our fa - thers sought thy grace, thou mad-est them free! All the

molto espr.

animando

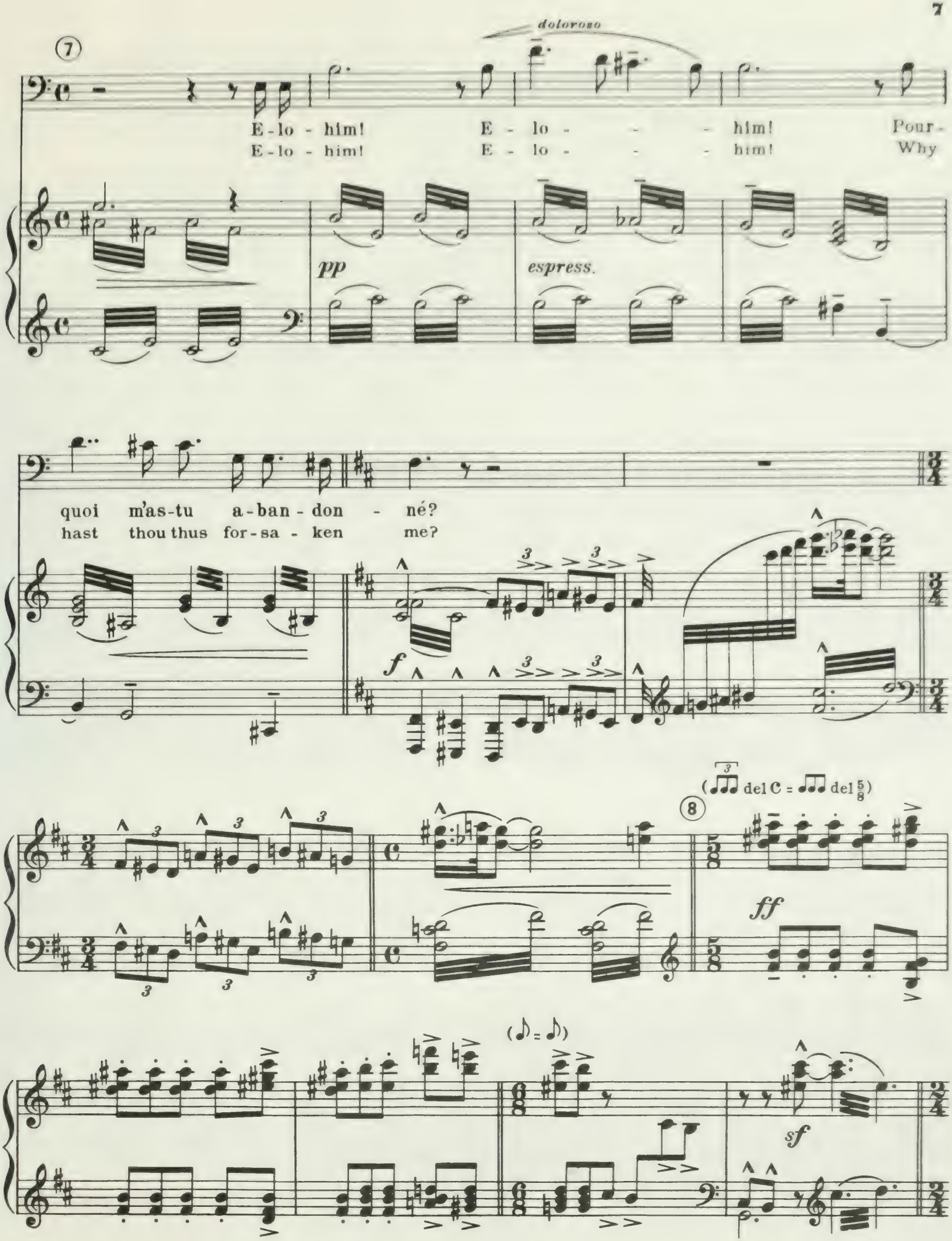
cri - e le jour, tu n'en-tends pas; Je cri - e la nuit, tu
day I cry, thou hear-est not; All night do I cry, and

animando

⑥ Un poco animato (♩ = 104)

res-tes sourd!
thou art dumb!

f


7
dolorososo
E-lo - him! E - lo - - - him! Pour-
E-lo - him! E - lo - - - him! Why
pp
espress.
quoi m'as-tu a-ban - don - né?
hast thou thus for-sa - ken me?
f
(3 del C = del 5/8)
8
ff
(♪ = ♪)
sf

9

(♩. del 6/8 = ♩ del 2/4) (ben ritmato)

Les mau-dits m'en-vi-ron - nent. Ils en-chaî-nent mes poings,
The ac - curs-ed sur-round — me; Shack-les up - on my wrists,

molto marcato sf mp (f) crescendo

ils en-chaî-nent mes pieds. Ils crient, ho-chant la tê - te: «Qu'il pa-
shack-les up - on my feet. They cry, glow-er - ing o'er me: "Let him

mf

rais - se, ton Dieu! Qu'il te sau - - ve, puis-qu'il t'ai - me!»
come, thy God! Let him save thee, since he loves thee!"

dim.

(10)

Et comme u - ne cl - re
And like in - to wax,

f *p*

Mon cœur fond dans mes en-trail - - les, et ma for - - ce des-
my heart melts with-in my bo - - som, and my strength doth

mf *f*

cend aux pous-siè - - res de la mort.
sink in-to dust and in-to death.

rall. *molto*

f *rall.* *molto*

11 Moderato molto (♩ = 72)

rall. - - - - molto

a tempo

E - lo - him!
E - lo - him!

f pesante

rall. - - - - molto

colla parte

pp

E - lo - him!
E - lo - him!

Pour - quoi m'as - tu a - ban - don -
Why hast thou thus for - sa - ken

né?
me?

p

sempre rall.

Sau - ve - moi!
Res - cue me!

p

Sau - ve - moi!
Res - cue me!

ten.

mf

ten.

sempre rall.

p

pp

(12)

Animato

f

rall.

Mon - tre - toi!
Show thy face!

poco

f

rall.

Tempo moderato (sempre più lento)

Ar-ra - che mon âme au glai-ve! Et ma for - ce à la mort!
Pre-serve my soul from the sword, and my strength from de-struc-tion!

f > *p*

f > *p*

(13)

animando

pp

crescendo

Ped.

Animato (♩ = 132)

con entusiasmo

ff — *f marcato*

14

Meno vivo (♩ = 104)

p

Lou - - - ez Dieu,
Praise — ye God,

allarg. poco

sfz *p*

ritmato

con entusiasmo

des - cen-dants d'I - a - cob! Glo - ri - fi - ez Jah-
ye, the seed of Ja-cob! Oh, glo - ri - fy Jah-

vé, pos - té - ri - té d'Is - ra -
veh, ye chil - dren of Is - ra -

ël! Il n'a point de mé-pris pour qui
el! He holds not in dis-dain them who

mp

pleure et l'im-plo - - re: Quand j'ai cri - é vers
weep and im - plore: When I cried un - to

15

cresc.

lui, il a mon-tré sa face!
Him, He re-veal-ed his face.

cresc.

allarg.

f

Ped.

rit. molto

ff

16 *p a tempo*

Vous boi-rez dans la joie, vous qui souf-frez la
Ye shall be filled with joy, who now lan-guish with

a tempo

pp

soif! Vous man - ge - rez son
drouth; And ye shall eat his

pain, af - - fa-més de jus - tice! Vous boi -
bread, who have hungered for Right! Ye shall

mp

rez dans la joie! Vous man - ge - rez son pain!
drink in joy and ye shall eat his bread!

mf

17

Lou-ez Jah - vé sur le né -
Praise ye Jah - veh with the ne -

bel!
bel!

18

Lou - ez Jah -
Praise ye Jah -

f

vé sur le kin - nor!
veh with the kin - nor!

Chan-tez sa gloi - re
Sing ye his glo - ry

f

rit. molto

dans la lu - miè - - re, et dans la pous - siè - re de la
in the day's light and in the dust of

rit. molto

⑲ Tempo animato

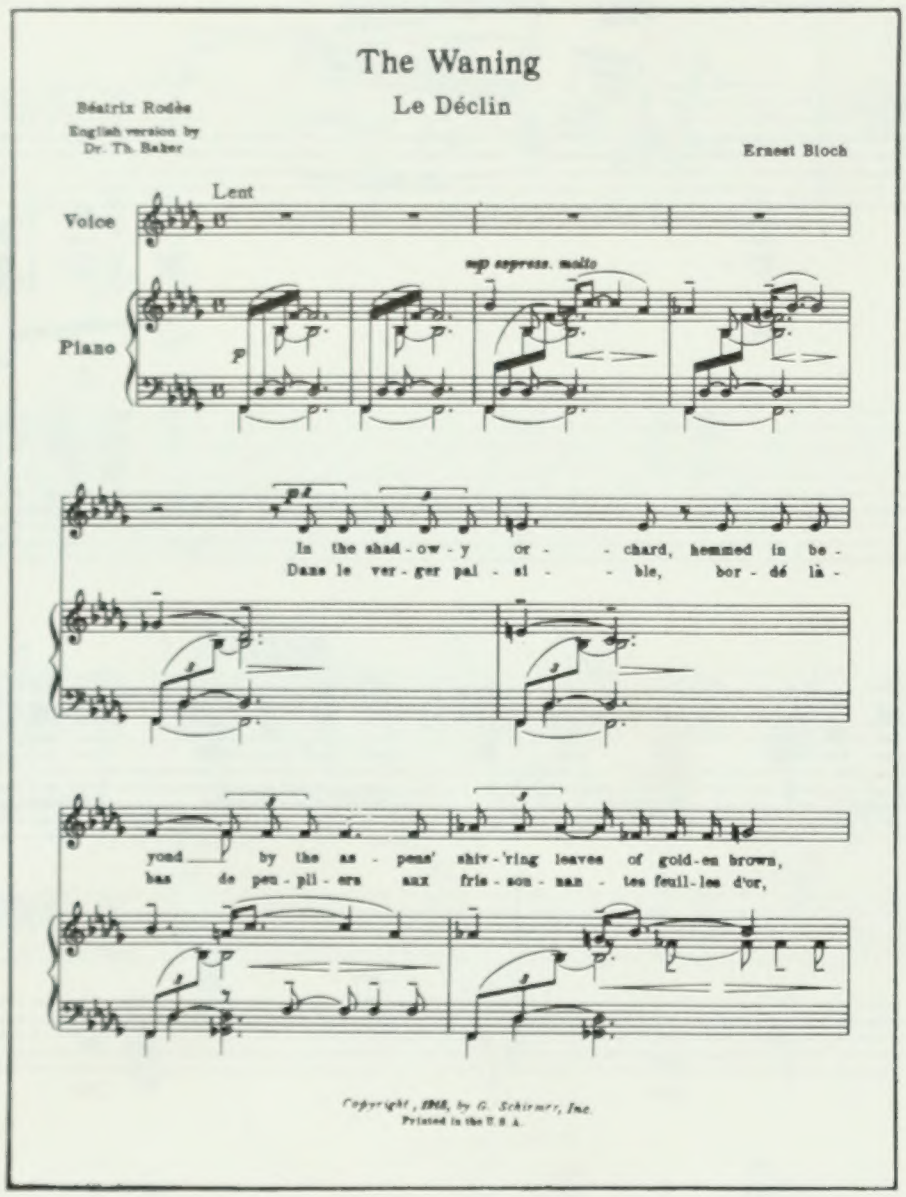
mort!
Death!

ff

COMPOSITIONS BY

ERNEST BLOCH

SONGS


The Waning

Le Déclin

Béatrix Rodès

English version by Dr. Th. Baker

Ernest Bloch

Lent

Voice

Piano

mp express. molto

In the shad - ow - y or - - chard, hemmed in be -

Dans le ver - ger pal - si - - ble, bor - dé là -

yond by the as - pens' shiv - 'ring leaves of gold - en brown,

bas de peu - pli - ers aux fris - son - nan - tes feuil - les d'or,

Copyright, 1918, by G. Schirmer, Inc.
Printed in the U. S. A.

L'ABRI. Words by Béatrix Rodès. English version by Sigmund Spaeth. Medium

LA VAGABONDE. Words by Béatrix Rodès. English version by Sigmund Spaeth. Medium

INVOCATION. Words by Béatrix Rodès. English version by Sigmund Spaeth. Medium

THE WANING (*Le déclin*). Words by Béatrix Rodès. English version by Sigmund Spaeth. Medium

In these art songs, Mr. Bloch develops, along the fine lines of Béatrix Rodès' poems, that sincerity of passion, that wonderful dramatic intensity and fervor of utterance that his symphonic compositions display to such a degree. They are thoroughly vocal and open up vistas of new expressive beauty to the singer.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Ernest Bloch has an absolute command of the rich, varied and colorful palette of the modernist orchestra, and aside from a gift for expressive and artistic use of his tonal medium, he has the spirit of inspiration, the inner illumination of the creative idea without which a knowledge of the letter of technical control availeth nothing.

HIVER (*Winter*). PRINTEMPS (*Spring*)

PSALM 114

PSALM 137

SCHELOMO

TROIS POEMES JUIFS

· G. SCHIRMER · New York

A 811